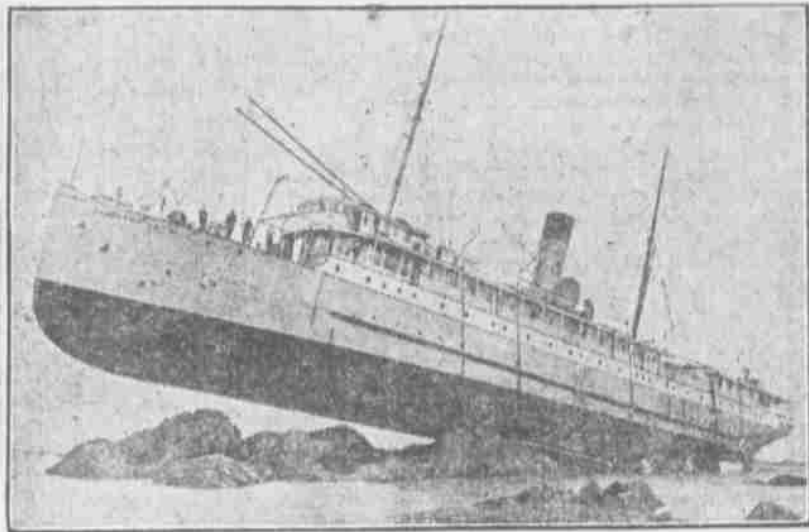


MARVELS of THE EARTH

□ □ □ □ □ CURIOUS, ODD AND □ □ □ □ □
INTERESTING OBJECTS AND PLACES □

Fast on the Alaskan Rocks



When the Canadian Pacific steamer Princess May not long ago came to grief off Alaska, she literally was high and dry, as the accompanying photograph shows. The Princess May was plying between Vancouver and Alaska ports and went ashore, settling on the rocks of Center Island, and at low tide hung above the surface of the water. She carried eighty passengers and a crew of sixty-eight, but all were taken off in safety.

PRETTY SUNI OF ZANZIBAR



In the gardens of the British Agency of Zanzibar are to be seen several specimens of the Zanzibar suni, an especially pretty little animal that is not often seen in captivity. Indeed, it is seldom seen in its native haunts, which are the wildest parts of the island and are covered with dense scrub. The suni also occurs on the mainland of Africa. The captives in the Agency gardens thrive, and each of the does has produced a young one.

NEW NOSE MADE FOR WOMAN

A woman recently left the London hospital with a new nose made from a flap of skin taken from her own forehead. The operation was rendered necessary on account of an ulcer of years' growth, which had gradually eaten away all the tissues of the nose. A racquet-shaped flap of skin about two inches in length and an inch and a quarter wide was cut, extending upwards, from the bridge of the nose, the beginning of the "handle" of the racquet being the only point of attachment. The skin was very carefully detached from the underlying bone, and, being swung round with its attachment at the base of the nose, was made to cover the previously denuded nose area. The new nose was stitched into place at the sides, openings being left for the woman's nostrils. The denuded space on the forehead was then covered in with skin grafts. The patient, a woman of fifty years, who was only three weeks in the hospital, left well pleased with her artificial features.

NOT INTENDED THAT WAY

In the outskirts of Peekskill, N. Y., is a small chapel with the unique name "Gates of Heaven." A sign bearing the name is on the front of the building.

When the pastor went on his vacation another sign was placed under the first. Here is what the passer-by read:

Gates of Heaven
Closed for the Summer Months.

SIXTEEN HEAD CABBAGE

Julius Weinstein, who tills the soil in a humble way on a bit of land fronting on Blue Hill avenue, Roxbury, Mass., was a very much surprised farmer this season when he watched a bunch of cabbages break through the ground. There were many of the usual size and shape, but somehow or other a sort of brotherly attachment was formed between a bunch of heads so that they insisted on playing the role of Siamese twins eight times over.

When they had reared themselves about a foot above the ground Mr. Weinstein cut short their existence in the soil and he then had a fine freak to show his neighbors, 16 heads of cabbage on one stalk.

HORSE AS POLICEMAN

An amusing incident was related to the Dudley (Eng.) magistrates recently, when William Jackson of Tipton, was charged with drunkenness. The defendant found a horse in the street

a fork. She felt something catch the fork, and, on examining it, found to her surprise a needle and thread. Happening to be visiting at the house at the time, I was at once informed of the extraordinary find, and the needle with the thread attached was put into my hand. My first idea was that the needle might have dropped from the girl's dress, but I was assured that this was not the case; and, moreover, the needle, now in my possession, was quite black, this being no doubt due to the action of the sulphur of the yolk upon the steel of the needle. The needle is an inch and a half long, and the thread is six inches.

CURIOUS RELIC IS FOUND.

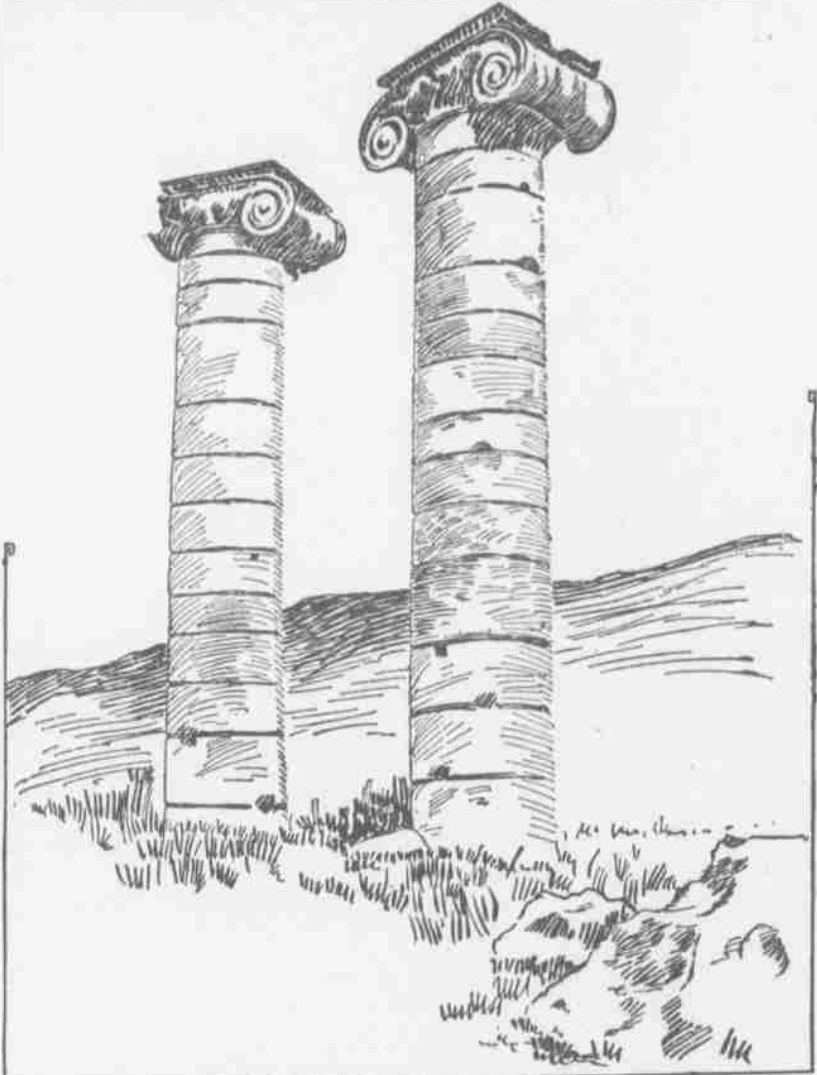
A curious and interesting specimen of the fine work of a famous old American engraver, A. W. Overbaugh, has just come to light in a little Staten Island town. The relic is an ancient gold dollar in the center of which, in a circle one-sixth of an inch in diameter, Overbaugh engraved the Lord's Prayer. The inscription cannot be read with the naked eye, but is perfectly distinct with the aid of glasses. At the bottom of the circle Overbaugh added his name. The engraving was done on a wafer.

The coin will go to one of the New York museums.

RAISES SIX-INCH GERANIUM.

Richard Diener, a gardener at Colma, Cal., has perfected a geranium that is six inches in diameter, which is pronounced by experts to be one of the most extraordinary achievements in floral culture. Diener also has produced carnations four or five inches in diameter by crossing them with the "Prosperity" pink. He has secured fifty-seven varieties of dahlias and is now trying to produce a blue dahlia.

Where Rich Croesus Lived



Far away in Asia Minor, under the shadow of a high, sharp hill, two broken columns have stood for centuries, looking toward a little river, alone, rising from a mass of vegetation that covers the fallen tops of two or three of their fellows. They are beautiful Ionic columns, and they mark all that is left of the city of the man whose name still stands today for wealth incalculable—Croesus, king of Lydia, who ruled in Sardis. The columns had not been disturbed for many centuries, probably not since the year 17, when suddenly it came into the mind of an American to go and find their secret. The American was Prof. H. C. Butler of Princeton university, the well-known archaeologist, and he had little difficulty in locating them.

enough people to start a well-equipped expedition. The expedition pitched its tents at the foot of Mount Taurus and promptly began to dig. The result has been unexpectedly satisfactory. Sardis was a new field for the explorer, and it was confidently expected that interesting ruins would be unearthed, but nobody thought that in less than a year the expedition would uncover one of the largest Greek temples ever discovered and find the remains of one of the earliest civilizations hid under the sands of Asia Minor. They have, too, statues, inscriptions, and so on, which may enable them practically to reconstruct the age of gold-glamored Croesus and the many centuries before and after him.

PARTRIDGE WITH GUINEA

L. P. Sense of Morris Ford has a flock of 14 young guinea about three months old. Several weeks ago a full grown partridge joined the flock, going with them all day and nesting under the mother hen at night. At times the guinea came into his piazza and the partridge flies on the banister and whistles as the guinea cry "Potrack." The partridge is as tame as the guinea and appears perfectly happy in its new life and with its gentle associates.

Prayer Receptacle.

A deaf old lady in Anacosta, Conn., sent for a clergyman, as she was very sick, and needed ministerial consolation. After talking on general religious topics, the good man inquired if it was her wish that a should pray with her. "Sardily, minister, sardily," was the reply. The sick one fumbled around her bed, and finally produced an old-fashioned ear trumpet, with the request, as the minister opened his prayer book, that he should "pray into that."

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Postoffice Department May Pay Out



WASHINGTON.—The estimates of Postmaster General Hitchcock for next year show that the postoffice department promises fair to pay its own way. The mail service comes nearer to the people than any other branch of the government, for it reaches every home as well as shops and offices. It costs a lot of money. Mr. Hitchcock asks for \$260,733,943, and the appropriation for the department always is set forth in the expenditures for each year, but the earnings from the mails bring back the outlay to the treasury. This business is not reported in the current daily statement of the treasury which set forth only the deficit paid. This amounted last year to \$17,000,000, and will be \$20,000,000 less for the current twelve months, while it is predicted that it will disappear in the next fiscal year. The department gets no pay for the vast tons of matter which it carries for other branches of the government. If it did the offset against the deficit would be very large. The rest of offices in Washington and in public buildings elsewhere does not cover this traffic.

The work done by the postoffice is

a marvel of cheapness. In volume and in extent of territory covered there is nothing to be compared with it. The reduction in rates since the days when 25 cents was charged for a letter from New York to Columbus, O., does not cease to be a wonder. The system which for two cents delivers a message in writing weighing an ounce from Maine to San Francisco not only but to the Philippines, or from the southern point of Florida to the northern extremity of Alaska, is a model of efficiency at the minimum of cost. When we consider also the burden of mails overseas to certain countries where the foreign rates are the same with our domestic charge, the challenge is bold that the world presents no parallel to the economy and to the achievement.

Europe is compact in population with distances measured by hundreds of miles only. This is especially true of Great Britain. There penny postage is proclaimed as a triumph and an example. Americans forget that the British penny is the equal in current value of two cents of our money. The cent is often called a penny, and it is only half a penny, and thus the term is a misnomer. Our postal rates on letters are now just those of Great Britain. Penny postage has long prevailed here as well as there. That with free rural delivery and with transmission over the continent and to the islands, the earnings are to cover the expenses, may well gratify officials and citizens.

Has Plan to Care for Ex-Presidents



THE great movement for the conservation of the natural resources of the country, at the present time exerting salutary influences upon every important national activity, has embraced a new field. A safe, sane and successful method of conserving and finding a method of caring for our ex-presidents is the latest idea in the conserving line. A provision in the constitution of the national conservation congress is responsible for the proposal, and serious consideration is being given it, not by the political dreamer or theorist, but by the great public figures of the country.

Bernard N. Baker, retiring president of the congress, by virtue of a clause in the constitution, becomes a member for life of the executive committee, and will, so long as the congresses are held, continue to give the benefit of his counsel and experience to the president.

The suggestion has been made, and has already crystallized into an or-

ganized sentiment, to adopt the same method with the president of the United States, make him, for life, an advisory member of the president's cabinet and give him a competence sufficient to make him independent. Speaking of this proposal, Mr. Baker said that it was really surprising how many men there were in the west who thought that this method furnished the solution of the perpetual perplexing question as to what disposition to make of our ex-presidents.

"On its face the proposition is certainly a plausible one. It stands to reason that after a man has been president for four or eight years he knows the problems and difficulties which confront the man at the helm of the ship of state better than does his successor. If the ex-presidents could be made advisory members of the cabinet of the president, the latter would get the benefit of the advice of the former. No matter if there should be a change in the administration, this would make no difference to broad-minded men.

Expert to Head the Economy Bureau



WHAT is considered a real step toward greater economy and more efficiency in the management of the government's business was taken when President Taft appointed Dr. Frederick A. Cleveland, director of the bureau of municipal research in New York city, as the head of a central staff that will work on the economy and efficiency problem under the direction of the president. Announcement was also made that each of the cabinet officers will organize in his department a committee or commission to be known as an economy and efficiency organization.

These steps were taken under the law passed at the last session of congress directing the president to conduct an investigation into the business methods of the several executive departments, and giving him \$100,000 with which to carry forward the inquiry. The final plans were not approved by the president until he had consulted with a large number of business men and had received written suggestions from numerous audit companies.

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Opium Invades Army at the Presidio



THE war department is advised that opium, the insidious enemy of the armies of the world, has invaded the ranks of the United States troops stationed at the Presidio, near San Francisco, to such an extent that a strong campaign, in which are involved more than 2,500 men, has been launched in an effort to crush it out.

The officers admit the seriousness of the situation, and declare it to be the gravest problem they have been called upon to settle. Drastic measures are now being taken to rescue those of the troops who have fallen victims to the subtle opiate. With all the energies of the department of war bent to the battle, an appeal has

been made to the civil authorities. Just how general the use of the poppy juice has become is not estimated, but it is admitted to be more alarming than ever before in the history of the army. Acting Commander Col. C. Deems said that in all his career he had never encountered such a general addiction to the drug, and that at worst his observation had never disclosed a higher percentage of opium using than two to three per cent. It was at first estimated that forty per cent of the men at the Presidio were using the drug, but this was declared excessive, a more probable figure after company and hospital statistics had been compiled, being ten per cent.

Alarmed at this high percentage, appeals were directed by Colonel Lundeen, commandant at the post, to the district attorney's office and to the office of the chief of police, with the result that raids on opium dens by the civil authorities are being made.

No Demand.

"Why don't people write poems like 'Paradise Lost' or 'Dante's Inferno' asked the sincerely literary person. 'What's the use?' rejoined the confident scribe. 'All the people I know of who bought the works you mention had to be persuaded to buy them for the sake of the pictures.'"

The Happy Pair

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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"I shall take the credit for the entire affair," said Mrs. Ted, with a sigh of absolute relief. She leaned forward in the coupe, and watched the bridal carriage move leisurely away from the curb before the church. Through the open window she caught a glimpse of Rosamond's head, with its veiling of old rose points, and orange blossoms for a crown. "She hasn't a thousand dollars to her name, and he thinks she has millions."

Cousin Dexter did not smile. In the first place, he was too well bred ever to smile at any of Mrs. Ted's social maneuvers, and another thing, it did not appear to be a comic moment to him as he listened.

"So Charlton thinks he is getting an heiress?" he queried innocently. "I have told no untruths," Mrs. Ted returned, placidly. "I merely suggested things. You know the way. She was my guest, and so was he. And it will be splendid for her."

"Why?" Dexter's tone was odd. "Why? Because he has the fortune?" "So Charlton has a fortune?" Dexter merely repeated her words as though they amused him, and it irritated the lady.

"He is Stephen Charlton, is he not, of Nevada? What more do you want to know? After the senator, his father, died, he went out West and turned into a marvel at silver mining, and has reaped a fortune. It is a splendid thing for them both. He said he would prefer to marry a girl with money, so she should be happy, and while I don't pretend to understand what he meant, of course, I knew as long as he had so much it couldn't possibly matter whether Rosamond had any or not, and they love each other dearly, so there you are."

"Clever cousin mine," laughed Dexter, suddenly, as they drove away from the gray stone church awaiting the happy pair.

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Ted demanded quickly. "Nothing at all," smiled Dexter. Rosamond had tossed his suit over her impertinent, thin, young shoulders with no regard for his feelings or bank account whatever, and had chosen Steve Charlton as her prince of dreams. And Dexter knew the truth about Charlton.

A strange alliance had settled over the happy pair as the train whirled them out of the Grand Central on their honeymoon. Mrs. Ted had even

loaned them her bungalow up on the Cape Cod coast, and all the wings of fortune seemed fanning adverse happenings away from them, but the two sat facing each other in the parlor car, and neither spoke.

"How beautiful you looked under that rose point veil," Charlton said suddenly. "We will treasure it, dear, won't we?"

Rosamond smiled with a flash of her old whimsical self. "We cannot treasure it, Steve," she answered. "It was loaned to me by Mrs. Ted."

Steve said nothing. It seemed odd that the heiress to many millions should have to borrow a rose point lace veil to be married in, yet he fancied there might be some sentiment about it too deep for the mind of man to fathom.

"Are we going straight out to Nevada after Cape Cod, Steve?" she asked presently, as the train turned out of Mount Vernon towards the south. Mrs. Ted had painted pictures of the Charlton lodge in the mountains that had cost close to \$200,000 to build, where the waning days of the honeymoon would be spent. Ted grinned a bit grimly.

"I'm afraid the life would be too

rough for you, Rosamond mine, there in that old shack of mine. We'll take a place at the Springs for a while, until you get used to it all, I can ride back and forth once or twice a week."

"But I want to go with you, Steve." "Oh, I suppose it would," she said no more. Why couldn't he understand that no place on earth would be lonely where he was, that she would gladly wear doekins and moccasins and tramp the wild ways with him? But she wondered how a palace of a \$200,000 lodge could be lonesome.

A telegram had been handed her by Mrs. Ted at the depot. She had crushed it in her hand, unopened, but now, as Steve took up a magazine, and actually started to read it, she remembered the envelope, and tore it open. It was brief, and from her only brother in Seattle.

"Best love and congratulations to the happy pair." Something in the message made the quick tears spring to her eyes, and tremble on her lashes. The happy pair. How could she ever be really happy when she knew that Mrs. Ted had deliberately invited her to Beauvoir, in the hope that Steve Charlton would take a fancy to her, and marry her? He had seen her portrait first of all, and had fallen in love with that, so Mrs. Ted declared, and it was a good match. Rosamond hated the word—a match, a bargain, and excellent sale! She looked up, and met Steve's troubled glance. He saw the tears, and reached for her hands, in spite of the rest of the passengers.

"Dear, don't cry, don't! I can't stand it. If any one has made a mistake, it is I, and I'll stand for it. I should have known better all around. But I knew it was what you had been used to, and as long as I couldn't give it to you I thought it didn't matter. We loved each other, and my cousin is badly good to me out at the mines—"

"Your cousin?" faltered Rosamond. "The other Steve Charlton, you know. The millionaire kid they call him out there. I'm only the understudy. I'm chief mining engineer at the Dominie Coalition, that's all, dear. But I'll make good. I'm getting three thousand a year now, and making stray bunches on the side. As the Coalition grows, I will grow, too. If you can just be patient, and do as you please with your own fortune, I will climb up beside you soon, in the money line—"

"My fortune? I have no fortune, Steve." Rosamond's hands grew chilled in his strong, close clasp. "What do you mean?"

"Mrs. Ted told me you were heiress to Heaven knows how much real glitter," Steve explained, laboriously. "I've hated your money ever since I heard of it, but it had to go with you, and I couldn't afford to wait. I wanted you, don't you know, girl? You don't blame me, do you?"

"And you haven't any fortune yourself?" Rosamond's eyes were soft and tender.

"Divil a bit," laughed Steve, recklessly. "It's coming."

"Neither have I, dear," she told him, happily. "Mrs. Ted just made it all up so we would marry. She evidently thought you were the millionaire kid, as you say, for she told me so, and I've been miserably playing the part of the beggar maid to my king. Is—is it a nice little shack, Steve, where we're going to, 'way up in the mountains'?"

Steve thought for a minute, and pulled out a time-table.

"It is," he said, finally, emphatically, "and we're going to it now. We'll get off this train at New Rochelle, catch an express back, and go straight for Charlton Peak, Nevada, as fast as a western limited will take us. I don't like being patronized, and petted, do you, lady?"

Rosamond flashed back a smile, in her old, happy way.

"I may not be an heiress, Steve," she said, half seriously. "But I'm a splendid cook."

"You won't have to cook. I keep a 'heaven Chinese.'"

At the New Rochelle station, a wire went back to Mrs. Ted.

"Don't worry about us. Going west. Have one thousand in cash in the whole world between us."

"The Happy Pair."

Safe.

"You may say what you please about poker, but it never hurt me any."

"Oh, you are one of those fellows who always win, are you?"

"Nope, I'm one of those fellows who never play."

Popular With Pa.

"Your father always seems to be very happy when I am around."

"Yes, pa has a great sense of humor."

THE FAIR SEX AS AVIATORS

Women, Invading Every Field of Science, Anxious to Try Flight.

Today women are invading successfully every field of science and in some cases are ranked among the pioneers. Hardly had the flying machine been developed from the primitive "glider" of the Wright Brothers than women were anxious to try a flight toward the blue and disposing, so far as they were concerned, with the theory that the gentler sex are constitutionally timid. Most of those who have so far navigated the air have been the wives or relatives of flying machine inventors or of aeronauts who are enthusiastic over every new form of sport, providing it offers a spice of danger. In France Mme. Paulhan, the wife of the most famous French "man bird," as they are getting to call them over there, became an adept some time ago in handling her husband's flying machine, and has sailed aloft

so often that it is no longer a novelty.

A French baroness also bought a machine and made some remarkable flights alone, but at last she came to grief. Here in America Mrs. Glenn Curtiss, wife of the aeronaut who won the \$10,000 prize for his trip from Albany to New York, has made a number of trips. She is enthusiastic and has been of great help to her husband. Mrs. Mars at Hempstead has become proficient, and many ladies prominent in the social world have gone aloft as passengers. Among them are Mrs. Clifford Harmon, the wife of the noted amateur aeronaut, and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.—The Christian Herald.

Natural Sequence.

"The virtue of some people is rather spasmodic," remarked the moralizer. "Well," rejoined the demoralizer, "what could you expect of anything that is its own reward?"